



SATURDAY NOV. 17 1900

JUMPS FOR A BRIDE.

Foolhardy Feat of a Young Cattleman and Lover.

Leaps from a Bridge 328 Feet High to Win His Sweetheart—Holds Belt as the Biggest Fool in All Texas.

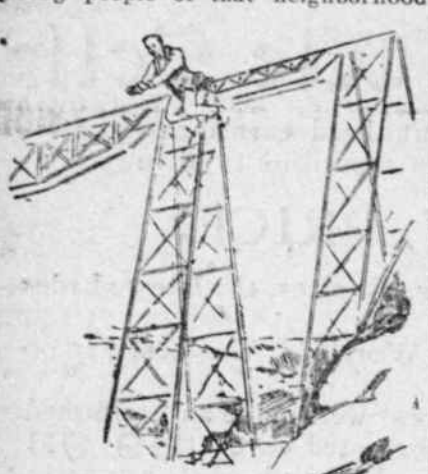
A test of love extraordinary, a test which forever casts into the shade the leap of the knightly lover into the pit of the lions to recover the glove which his lady love had dropped to test him, a test which makes the bold move of Young Lochinvar seem petty and foolish, was demanded of her lover by a belle of western Texas a few days ago. After the sir knight had recovered his lady's glove he threw it into her face and decided that he did not want her. And the case of Lochinvar was simply a bold piece of daring which any cowboy could have attempted and carried to a more brilliant finish. The Texas man won the girl he loved and also won, says the Chicago Tribune, the questionable title of being the biggest fool in Texas—and Texas is a big state.

In western Texas, where the Southern Pacific railway crosses the Pecos river, is a railway bridge that is one of the highest in the world, if not the highest. From the top of the bridge to the waters of the Pecos is a distance of 328 feet. From the river, or from any point of view which gives a perspective view of the bridge, it seems more like the work of fairy builders. The steel braces and girders look like spider webs, so far away are they.

Miss Lena Riners is the daughter of a wealthy ranchman of the Rio Grande valley, and is said to be a girl who could impel a man to do anything for one of her smiles, no matter how outlandish the task might be.

Miss Lena had many admirers, and it was only a question of time when the admirers became suitors. One of the most devoted and persistent suitors for the hand of the fair Texan was a young ranchman named Fred A. Darmon.

Two weeks ago a number of the young people of that neighborhood



FRED DARMON'S CRAZY LEAP.

went to the Pecos river near the high bridge for a little picnic. It did not fall to the lot of Darmon to take the girl of his heart to the picnic, for either through his failure to speak far enough in advance or through her capriciousness she was with another young man. However, that did not deter Darmon from paying his adored one such marked attention as to greatly annoy the one who had taken her to the grounds. The two strolled apart from the others, and no matter what the girl tried to talk about the stockman was sure to end up with one more declaration of his great love. Finally Miss Lena turned upon him and demanded that he do something to prove all that he had been saying. If he really loved her so much, show her how much.

"Would you marry me if I should jump off that bridge?" the lover asked.

"Of course I would," the girl replied, not thinking for a second that they would take her at her word.

They were called back to the rest of the crowd the next minute and soon Darmon was missed. He was spied on the bridge, over 300 feet above them, looking like a speck against the sky. He took off his coat, waved his arms at the people below, mounted the rail, and to the horror of all leaped into the depths. The girl who had provoked him to the deed did the proper thing and fainted. The others held their breath, while the foolhardy lover came down. Over and over he turned like a ball, but when within a few feet of the water he stiffened out, placed his hands above his head as a diver would, and plunged into the 40 feet of water head first. Nobody expected he would survive the leap, and one of the young men threw off his shoes and outer clothing ready to swim after the body. To his surprise the diver appeared at the surface, and with a few strokes the rescuer grasped him by the hair and dragged him to shore. The mad lover was unconscious, but soon began to breathe under the vigorous rubbing he received, and was able to mutter some inquiry about Lena. The young woman recovered from her swoon about the same time. "Will you marry me now, Lena?" demanded the wet lover.

"Yes, I am ready to marry you at any moment, but, Fred, I am afraid that you are crazy," and the girl bent over the man who had dared so much for her.

The others, disgusted at the break-

ing up of their picnic, were ready to admit with the girl the young man was crazy. In any event, he holds the record for lofty bridge jumping, and a bride was his prize.

Accounting for Misses.

"A customer always tries to deceive his tailor. He does not intend to, but he does. For instance, it often occurs that a man with sloping shoulders comes up to be measured, and instead of allowing us to measure him as he really is he throws himself out of position, and then there is trouble when he comes to try on the garment," said a smart tailor the other day. "Some men will never admit that their shoulders need 'raising' or 'lifting,' as we say, and when they come to be measured they unconsciously shrug their shoulders. Imagine what we occasionally get from a new customer; and it is incidentally true that these deceivers are the ones who most often change from one tailor to another as a result of this lack of personal frankness. Another man throws out his chest when the tape is passed round, and the result is that when the coat is finished it naturally does not fit, and we get the blame."—London Answers.

An Overwhelming Thought.

Our sun is a third-rate sun, situated in the milky way, one of the myriads of stars, and the milky way is itself one of myriads of sectional star constellations, for these seem to be countless, and to be spread over infinity. At some period of their existence each of these suns had planets circling around it, which, after untold ages, are fit for some sort of human beings to inhabit them for a comparatively brief period, after which they still continue for years to circle around without atmosphere, vegetation or inhabitants, as the moon does around our planet. There is nothing so calculated to take the conceit out of an individual who thinks himself an important unit in the universe as astronomy. It teaches that we are less, compared with the universe, than a colony of ants is to us, and that the difference between men is less than that between one ant and another.—London Truth.

Smokers Among Rulers of Men.

With King Humbert disappears one of the last great smokers among heads of states. Now there remain only, as passionate smokers, Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria and Oom Paul. The new king of Italy does not smoke, the czar occasionally smokes a cigarette; the kings of Greece, of Roumania, of Sweden, of Denmark, the prince of Bulgaria and Emperor William smoke now a cigar, now a cigarette, but very irregularly. They are what may be termed "Sunday smokers."—Le Cri de Paris.

Order of Colored Nuns.

In New Orleans is an order of colored nuns, founded many years ago. It was instituted for the special purpose of giving education and moral training to young colored girls and to care for orphans and aged, infirm persons of their race. In its orphan asylum are children of all ages up to 14 years. The convent is a stately building more than a century old, in the old French quarter of New Orleans, and once was an opera house and ball-room.—N. Y. Tribune.

Cerebro-Gastric.

Petted Daughters—They asked me to play at Mrs. Higup's this evening, and I did; but—

Fond Mother (proudly)—Were they not entranced?

Petted Daughter—Hum! When I played "Life on the Ocean Wave," with variations, half of them left the room.

Fond Mother (ecstatically)—That's wonderful! They must have been seasick.—Spare Moments.

The Wife He Wants.

When a man advertises for a wife, he says he wants a woman of culture and refinement, but what he really wants is a good cook, a competent seamstress, a good dishwasher and cleaner, a faithful nurse, one who can train children, and who, in the time of necessity, can earn the living.—Aitchison Globe.

How the Fuss Started.

"That 'hand-me-down' suit you're wearing," remarked Rivers, "reminds me of an unripe watermelon."

"Why?" asked Brooks.

"Because it's so different. One isn't cut to fit, and the other isn't fit to cut."

It was then that Brooks plugged away at him.—Boston Herald.

Safe There.

Goodheart—I think you libeled that friend of yours from Chicago. I took him out to lunch to-day, and he didn't eat with his knife at all.

Sneerwell—That's strange. What did you eat?

"Oyster stew."—Philadelphia Press.

Women Hard to Please.

One Ohio man locked his wife in the house the other night and another locked his out—now both wives are suing for divorce. Some women are hard to please.—Chicago Daily News.

Children Buried Under Bridges.

Indian Engineering, published in Calcutta, says that the kidnapping of children to bury under the foundations of railway bridges, which has often caused trouble in India, has spread to China, and a bridge is now rarely built in that country without the disappearance of several children from the neighborhood.

Speaking from Knowledge.

"Beauty is only skin deep," remarked the person who is fond of quotations.

"Yes," answered the young man who runs the complexion department in the drug store, "and sometimes it isn't even as deep as that."—Washington Star.

Big Exports of Shelled Eggs.

Vast quantities of shelled eggs are exported from Russia in hermetically sealed tins and are drawn off through a tap. One tin holds from 1,000 to 1,500 eggs. The eggs must be carefully selected or a bad one would spoil all the others in the can.—N. Y. Sun.

Cure for Bruises.

From the root of the pretty flower known as white bryony can be made a decoction which acts with magical effect in curing bruises of all descriptions. It is said to be peculiarly efficacious in healing a blackened eye.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Trip Exclusively for Married Men.

Mrs. Henpeck—I have no control over my husband at all any more.

Mrs. Wunder—What's wrong?

"He secured a certified copy of the census enumerator's record, showing that I had given his name as the head of the family."—Baltimore American.

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Bulldogs as Table Dainties.

Here is an amusing episode in connection with Li Hung Chang's visit to Europe in 1896. The chancellor, out of respect to Gen. Gordon, had placed a wreath at the foot of his monument in Trafalgar Square. The Gordon family were much touched by this homage, and wished to find some means of reciprocating. In vain they cudgeled their brains for a suitable present, until a nephew of Gordon, a great lover of dogs, was suddenly struck with the idea of presenting to Li Hung Chang a remarkable prize bulldog of which he was the owner. It was sent to Li Hung Chang just as he was embarking on his return to China. Some months later came the following acknowledgment: "I was much touched by the splendid present you have been good enough to make me; the beast was magnificent. Unfortunately, my digestion is not equal to such a delicacy, but my servant enjoyed it very much."—Messenger de Bruxelles.

First Shiraz-Waist Man.

Bad Elk, a medicine chief of the Arapahoe Indians, says he was the first man in this country to wear a shiraz-waist. He has been wearing them for the last ten years. To prove that he has been wearing them for five years he sends a picture of himself, taken five years ago. Bad Elk is a highly educated Indian. He has attended school in New York and Boston, is a graduate of a Montreal (Can.) institute for physicians, and has a diploma from Carleton. He wears patent leather shoes and creased trousers. He adopted shiraz-waists five years ago while attending school in Montreal. He says that he has dined at some of the swiftest cafes in that city without a coat and was never ordered out. Bad Elk has three wives.—Chicago Tribune.

Love's Frightful Reaction.

"Well!" the young man said, in desperation, as he rose from his knees and started for the door, "if you refuse to marry me, Mabel Harkalong, there is one thing I know I can do!"

"For heaven's sake, Henry," pleaded the frightened maiden, "do nothing rash! You alarm me! What are you thinking of now?"

"I am going to raise Belgian hares!" he howled, crushing his hat on his head and slamming the door behind him.—Chicago Tribune.

A Golfer's Last Wish.

"You know Frisby, the golf enthusiast, don't you?"

"Of course. What about him?"

"I witnessed his will last night. It's very characteristic of the man."

"How so?"

"Why, in one clause he directs that his body be interred in the approximate center of the links, and that the grassy mound above his grave be converted into a bunker."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Chinese Animals.

The kiao, or the household fox, is a favorite pet of the Chinese women, who are also extremely fond of a variety of the Angora cat. The ordinary cat of southern China is, like the Manx, tailless. It is occasionally used for food, but is not so popular as horse and dog flesh. When raised for the table it is fed on rice and vegetables.—N. Y. Sun.

On the Back Porch.

Mrs. Bixby—Are you sure it was my husband who ordered these groceries? Grocer's Boy (cheerfully)—No, ma'am, I ain't sure, but I s'pose you got the stuff to show for it. Quite yer kiddin.—Minneapolis Sun.

Spunking Woman.

Miss Spunk (giggling)—Oh, Mr. Sharp, you know a woman is only as old as she looks.

Mr. Sharp—She ought to be thankful she isn't as young as she acts.—Detroit Free Press.

A Fate Division.

Clara—I wonder how Sadie manages to keep up her popularity with the men?

Maud—Easy enough. She never stays engaged to one more than a month at a time.—Detroit Free Press.

Life's Little Ironies.

"You were in such good spirits last night, Richard; what makes you so depressed this morning?"

"The spirits,"—Judy.

Checks Conceit.

Every man who shows symptoms of becoming conceited should be told what his poor kin think of him.—Aitchison Globe.

Kissing in Japan.

Kissing is almost unknown in Japan. A mother never kisses her child, a lover never kisses his sweetheart.—N. Y. World.

What She Wanted to Know.

"My dear child, you really should not eat your pudding so quickly."

"Why not, mamma?"

"Because it is dangerous. I once knew a little boy about your age who was eating pudding so quickly that he died before he had finished it."

"And what did they do with the rest of his pudding, mamma?"—N. Y. World.

Literally So.

"Well, Sambo, I see that you are still at your old occupation."

"Oh, yessir. Me an' de whitewash bresh am still in podnership."

"So I see. And how is business? Is it looking up?"

"Dey percisely what it am, sah. I's kalsominin' de ceiling' er de Baptist' chu'ch."—Boston Courier.

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Chronicles of the KAH-PEE-KOG CLUB

By Wright A. Patterson.

NOTE—The Kah-pee-kog club is an inter-state organization of good fellows and good fellows, so they say, who meet once a year in the wilds of Canada for a fishing expedition from two weeks to a month in length. The members are not ordinary citizens of this country, but they are not ordinary citizens of the Dominion of the United States either. They are the Queen's dominions for a good time. They come from all portions of the Dominion of the United States and the Canadian wilds where the game has strike hard and often. Who they are or what they do is not the business of the club, but they do many things and tell many stories that are interesting and entertaining to those who have a vacation time in the woods and on the water—Stories.

OLD SOL was just peeping above the pines off in the east when Smith pulled every inhabitant of the log clubhouse on Crown Island out of his bunk that first morning of the year's meeting at Kah-pee-kog.

"This is an injustice to slumbering humanity," growled Bert, otherwise Dr. Moyer, Jr. "I want it understood now that 7:45 is my time for rising in the morning. I came up here to enjoy myself, and not to be hauled out of bed in the middle of the night by a fish-daily lunatic."

"Fie, fie, my boy!" said Dr. Moyer, Jr., "this bracing atmosphere of the early morning will give you new life. I like it too much."

"If you came up here to sleep, you'd better go home again where the beds are softer," said Zuckmeier.

"I'm going fishing," began Smith, "and before I started out I wanted to say a few words to you fellows as an ordinary citizen. My authority as the boss of this outfit ceased last night, and I waited until this morning to speak my little speech for that reason."

"Last year in this camp there was more lying than I liked. I am some-

Smith's plan had worked upon its first trial. Smith was one of 15 men who had failed to catch a fish of sufficient size to warrant its being kept, but a little thing like that could not affect Smith's good nature.

After Fraser had cleared away the remains of the supper he, too, joined the crowd about the fire, and we turned to him for a report of the day's catch, for it had been agreed that all fish brought in were to be turned over to him and he was to keep the records.

"Well, Fraser, who caught the big one to-day?" asked Dr. Moyer, Sr. "I know I didn't, for most of my bass were bullheads. Never saw anything like it; I'll bet I caught—"

"No, you won't guess at all," put in Smith. "Guesses are barred; it's only Fraser's figures that go in this contest."

"Where did you fish to-day, Ullmark?" asked Sweet, without giving Fraser an opportunity to produce the day's records. Sweet was another of the unfortunates who had failed to get a four-pounder, and was probably not anxious to hear about records.

"Oh, just out here off the island a little ways," replied Ullmark. "Yorker and I went together. He said he didn't know anything about where the best places were, but I thought it looked deep enough out there, so we tried it."

"Deep enough!" yelled Smith. "Why, there is a hundred feet of water out there if there is a foot. You are more of a poor, innocent than I had thought for. Guess we had better increase that handicap to a pound, if that is all you know. Yorker knew better; he knew where the grass beds are, or the narrows, or the different little coves and logs. What do you think of that for sweet innocence, Fraser?"



FISHED A LITTLE WAYS OFF THE POINT OF CROWN ISLAND.

what of a liar myself, but I couldn't keep up with the procession, and so I determined to try to change things in that line this year. Last year we counted the fish, and every night some one would start the tale of the day's catch at a figure that he thought large enough to be safe as a record breaker, but, if you remember, the pastor always and the last say, or at least took that advantage of the rest of us, and his records were never beaten.

"This year a kind Providence has given to the pastor a new boy which would not stop howling long enough to permit him to get to the train, so he is not with us. It can be no reflection upon his integrity, then, when I say let us go by weight instead of by numbers this year. I want to catch the biggest fish. It is an easy matter to guess big, and I wouldn't like to accuse anyone of last year's party of exaggerating the number of fish they caught, but to guess is easy; it is actual and accurate figures that count."

"I have fastened to each canoe a pair of scales, purchased from the profits of an extra suit of clothes I sold, and not from any of the club funds. I move that we weigh our fish and keep the record breakers for inspection. It is the rule of the club to throw back all fish caught excepting such as we want to eat, and for the present let us keep only such fish as weigh four pounds or better. When a better record than four pounds has been established, as it will be before night, we will move up to it, and in this way we can get back home with a clear conscience."

"As Ullmark is a recruit who does not understand the ways of Kah-pee-kog bass, I would suggest that we give him a handicap of half a pound in weight, so as to sort of even up the race for the championship. Now, I am going fishing, and Bert can go back to bed if he wants to."

"Smith's got 'em cinched this time," said Fraser, the guide, to me as he moved away to prepare breakfast. "He always had to tell the first story last year, and didn't have a fair show at the records, so he's fixed it so as to bar lyn' and is willin' to take his chance with the rest at results."

"As for myself, I believe Smith was honest, and that he had provided the scales in a desire to lessen the lying as far as possible. He had certainly seen a horrible example of unchecked exaggeration the year before."

I was in and out of camp several times that day, and it was not until night that I saw Smith again. When I did so it was after supper, and Fraser had lit the evening fire, around which we gathered to relish the adventures of the day and hear how

"Six and a quarter actual weight, or 6 1/4 if you allow the handicap," replied Fraser.

"Handicap! What handicap?" howled King.

"The one it was proposed to allow Ullmark," said Fraser. "As I understood it this morning, he was to be allowed a half pound handicap because he was green."

"Where did you get it?" asked Bert.

"Out there off the island a little ways," replied Ullmark, who did not seem to realize that he had done anything wonderful.

"That's right," put in Yorker. "He got a 6 1/4-pound bass out there in the middle of the lake with a hundred feet of water under the canoe. I got two four-pound bass there myself in a short time, but did not think it worth while to bring them in after Ullmark's catch. I have seen the luck of a green fisherman before, and went with him to enjoy the fun. I have had my share of it."

As the party about the fire broke up to go to bed Smith walked away mumbling that he would beat that record if he had to stay at Kah-pee-kog the remainder of the year.

How he did it is another story for another time.

An Unanswered Problem.

"I don't see," she simpered, "how you ever came to love me."

"Oh, well," he gallantly remarked, "perhaps it would be better to waive these puzzling leading questions."

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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25	3.75	15.00	37.50
30	4.50	18.00	45.00
35	5.25	21.00	52.50
40	6.00	24.00	60.00
45	6.75	27.00	67.50
50	7.50	30.00	75.00
55	8.25	33.00	82.50
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